THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. XX. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY, 1895. No. 4.

The Undergraduate.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

FRANK N. DAVIS, '96, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
GEO. C. DOUGLASS, '95, *Assistant Editor-in-Chief.*

Associate Editors.

JOHN BARLOW, '95, MARY O. POLLARD, '96, } *Literary.*
LEROY C. RUSSELL, '96, *Alumni.*
W. BRYANT WILCOX, '96, ELMER H. CUTTS, '96, } *Town and Campus.*

GUY C. LAMSON, '96, *Business Manager.*

Assistants,

ELMER G. BRIDGHAM, '97, LUTHER A. BROWN, '97.

One College Year, - - - - - $1.00
Single Copies, - - - - - - .12

Address all communications to EDITOR UNDERGRADUATE Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communications will be noticed

Address all business communications regarding subscriptions or advertisements to the Business Manager.

The UNDERGRADUATE is constantly on sale at Marshall's Book store or may be obtained of the business manager.

Editors' Table.

To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
—*Young.*

SOMEONE, sometime, somewhere compares the fleeting years to an auction of time. Perhaps destiny is the auctioneer, and, impartial of rank or circumstances, knocks down the minutes to the highest bidder. The motto, we think, is "pay as you go," or not later than "the second Saturday of the next term."

PRESIDENT BRAINERD has returned and opened the exercises of the term. After his thisrty two years of faithful association with Middlebury College it is hardly necessary for us to say that not only students and faculty, but even the old college seemed to say, Welcome!

EITHER many of the students are pursuing a course of reading or ought to be. We all read. A well defined plan in reading renders to one a definite end permanent value. The great thinker who said, "If I had read as much as other men, I should be as ignorant as they," referred to the habit of desultory reading. A broad reading is desirable and a thorough reading is more desirable.

J. M. BUCKLEY, in a recent article to college students, says regarding secret societies: "Many from time to time denounce secret college societies, and some institutions have abolished them. My own experience and observations do not justify me in saying anything against secret *literary* societies. I belonged to two—one in a seminary, and the other in college. With both I connect memories not only of pleasurable associations, but of profitable criticisms and instructions. Certain cautions are necessary. Do not be guilty of the littleness of thinking that all the brilliant and able students are in your society; nor cherish a spirit of antagonism to the members of other societies, or jealousy of them; nor resort to ignoble methods of procedure."

PHYSICAL exertions expend. Mental exertions exhaust. The masses who depend on the former for a livelihood are wont to think the latter light labor. Yet no kind of toil so exhausts the energies as intense, incessant thought. All the elements of the body are in communication with, and directly sympathize with the brain. We are told that the brain works, and in surgical operations it has been seen to think. In its workings the perturbations are rapid. continuous and sometimes violent. One observer says that the surface of the brain undulates like the surface of the sea—that visible waves of thought pass over the cerebrum, and, indeed, while we write this, we seem to feel heavy waves slashing against a

craggy beach. And if we may bring ourselves to realize this, we can readily perceive the need of a lull in the storm, a cessation of the mighty "breakers" and the re-appearance from behind the clouds of the refreshing sun of pleasure and happiness. But there appears to be another sea on which no waves undulate, only faint ripples are seen, "the sun forever shines" and the water is stagnant. Pilots on this sea should immediately pray for an "old down-easter," for there is danger that they will get becalmed. It is good in the early year that we get on the right side of our master organ, the brain. This we may do by following a systematic plan of study and recreation.

"HABIT," says Mr. Morfin in Dombey and Son, "is all I shall have to report, when I am called upon to plead to my conscience, on my death bed. 'Habit,' says I; 'I was deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic to a million things from habit.' 'Very business-like, indeed Mr. What's Your Name,' says Conscience, 'but it won't do here.'" One is a servant of habit; but, unlike Mr. Morfin, one is often unaware of it. Every one likes to be one's own boss, yet every one steps round to this seemingly indomitable master. Now this master is just what one makes him. He may be a good and serviceable master, or he may be a "roaring lion"; but no man can serve two masters. Therefore one should cleave to the former and despise the latter. One should put off as many bad habits as one is capable of, and perhaps one of our worse habits is the natural inclination to *put off*. This bad habit of putting off is much worse than a put-off habit. The one increases with age, the other diminishes. The one affects the moral and intellectual man, the other the outward man. When one sees a student putting off preparing a lesson, studying in chapel, reporting unprepared, swelling in his imagined importance, inconsiderate, uncourteous, cutting chapel and church, one can but exclaim, you are servant to a very bad master. Mr. What's Your Name, you may get on for the time being, but you are sure to find the place where it "won't do."

WHEN in our work we are weary and discouraged, when we feel that there is no use in labor and that we cannot accomplish the desired task, but must give up and leave it unfinished; when we feel our strength giving out and know that the work must be laid aside, there is one thought which can bring comfort if not strength,—that *no* endeavor is in vain. Even though we fail miserably in our task, even though no result seems to come, yet the labor is not lost, the work does tell somewhere, and sometime we shall see how that little bit fitted into the complete mosaic which without it would have been imperfect and unfinished, and who can tell but what that which looks now like an entire failure may in the end prove a most glorious success, since we in our shortsightedness can see neither the purpose nor the end of our work? And when our courage remains strong, but our bodily strength fails, we may comfort ourselves with this, that it certainly is "better to wear out than to rust out." Every person must sooner or later give out; and much more noble is it, much more grand and much more honorable to give out in contact and on account of contact with the busy, bustling world than after a life spent in solitude and separation, apart from the temptations and possible victories of an active life, a hermit from the strife and restlessness of the thronged community.

Literary.

CASTE.

Caste, in a literal sense, consists of the several hereditary classes into which society in India is divided. It differs, however, from the social class distinctions in other countries in that it is emphatically a religious institution. It *has* been defined as a peculiar kind of superstition, embraced by such and such people. That it was a *mere* superstition is impossible. No mere superstition can exist for more than four centuries among people as naturally capable as were the East Indians. The philosophy of the time would have pierced a mere sham. And yet, twenty seven centuries have passed away and this superstition still flourishes. Bricks without straw are nothing but sand and clay tied together by water. Durability is not in them. So, this conglomeration of pantheistic beliefs and of foolish ceremony, without the early consistency—giving influence of true and pure principle, might have been likened, in duration, to bricks without straw.

Perhaps the best state of civilization reached has been when the greatest facilities for pleasure and comfort have been held by the people in common, and in that time when there have been the freest, easiest op-

portunities for the pursuit of knowledge. Before such an age, there must be a literary, inventive age. This last state of things did exist in India, and to such an extent as to be almost identical with civilization itself. Certainly, in comparison with other bodies politic of 25 B. C., we may say that India *was* civilized.

The age was that of the deepest philosophy and of profound intellectual research. Can we help admiring the writers of the Vedas and Shaster, the religious books of that time? Not only did they collect the caste practices, but they reasoned out a firm spiritual basis for the Hindu religion. What years of untiring study and daily crucifixion of the tendencies imparted by the very air must there have been to bring about that clear state of mind from which only could come such logical and pure precepts! The Vedas are the rock on which the system of caste has so long stood. The tenet first in importance is this: There is one supreme being, ingenerable, immutable and operating the forces of the universe. He is the only real cause and second only, in high ideal, are the principles relating to man Let me detach a few of them. The writer of the Vedas taught that men had souls. These were immortal. The body was spoken of as a temporary dwelling or prison for the soul, testing it before its eternal union with other souls. The purpose of the ailments and other trials to which the body was heir was that there might be brought about in the soul a pure and exalted state. Good works performed, without view to a reward, would emancipate from future probation. And, in general, the will of the supreme being must dwell in and rule over the hearts of men. There are few doctrines of our own day that contain principles more sublime than these "Articles of Faith."

Therefore, we must examine for defects not so much the *foundations* as the *organization* or working order of caste. The error here is easily seen. In every country there are, and ought to be, grades of society based on acquirements, but established by no inflexible rule. To say that a man of low caste, but of real merit, must, in poverty, through life and in eternity, wash the feet of the Brahman is ridiculous and is a terrible tyranny.

The four divisions in order of rank are Brahman. Kshatrias, Vaisas and Sudras. The function of each is implied in the name. Brahman means holiness; Kshatria, power; all consist of the soldiers and kings. Vaisa, meaning wealth, refers to the farmers and traders, and the Sudras are the slaves of all the others, but may gain their highest future happiness by giving a cheerful, complete service to the Brahman. The Brahman, by virtue of birth, was to be a standard of mental and spiritual excellence. As a class, they were to be pure, twice-born beings, with real prayer as an element of their daily lives. Their further office was to do good to all, to pursue knowledge, and perform offices requiring this mental drill. Other classes were subordinate in work.

Some partial benefits are visible in this system. First,—Hindu learning has been preserved by the Brahman, as was classic learning by the monks of the dark ages. Secondly,—Caste has made fatalists of the Hindus. This appears to be bad. But fatalism removed ambition, and a large part of the human family has, at least, been rendered contented and happy. Thirdly,—It has brought about a simplicity of life, and, until the British came into power, prohibited intemperance. Fourthly,—The marriage of people widely differing in social grade has been prohibited. Fifthly,—Caste opposes the universal brotherhood of man; yet it has aided the cause of the Christian church by helping to preserve its purity. Heathendom, on some accounts, would be preferable to an impure church. The Hindus are of an excitable temperament. Such people move in bodies. If caste had not held them back, many more millions would, under missionary efforts, have proclaimed themselves Christians. What effect would have been seen if such had been the case? We can tell by learning the results, on a small scale, in a low-caste community which took this course. The people, taking action from ethical indifference rather than from conviction, did not appear to understand the necessity of a change of *life*, adopted a low standard of morality, and disgraced the cause of the foreign truth. As it is, the church has kept its purity. A man will not leave his caste in face of its bitter persecution until he knows, pretty well, what he is about.

So much for the benefits of caste. On the other hand, the general principles of caste regarding the Creator were intended as the foundation of worship. But the ignorant minds of the masses could not comprehend them. Mental discipline would be necessary. Education, however, was forbidden the masses, and this mistake was fatal to their understanding what a spiritual worship was. So they, deprived of culture, sought for some visible, finite thing to worship. In

this way the Hindu Pantheon was formed,—the people seeing a special deity in every phase of nature. Secondly: Caste, which was intended merely as the church organization, being made so prominent, was readily substituted by the Hindus for essentials. Thirdly: It is said that when the Vedas were written the age was inventive. It was. It should have been more so. For invention, manual labor and the educated intellect ought to be combined. Few out of the Brahman caste, which was forbidden to labor, had minds sufficiently cultivated. Therefore comparatively little invention followed and civilization was hindered in this way. After a time, the Brahman became careless about physical and moral cleanliness and health. These 'pure, sinless beings, hereditary owners of the world,' have lost nearly every good trait. They were to do good to all. Yet they would not lend a hand to rescue Pariah or European from flame or famine. Likewise, a Pariah would not dare touch a Brahman in distress, to help him.

In a national sense is caste a barrier to mutual help. The present rulers admit that caste jealousies make British power stable, more than does military force. The old, sacred books contain penalties for the immoral Brahman, yet modern Brahmans may be liars, thieves, scoundrels, and not lose caste. Neither do they dislike dirt. Hundreds of them clean their teeth in the sacred tanks, wash their clothing in them, and them quench their thirst, but would call it a defiling sin to take a glass of the purest water from the hand of a Pariah. The Hindus are natural traders. Their country has great resources. But a few decades, however, have passed since commerce was admitted.

Caste has destroyed Hindu moral courage. Thousands of educated Hindus admit caste to be a curse. Public meetings have been held to do away with some features. The writer once read the translated extract of a Hindu paper which was very bitter against the customs and effects of caste. In spite of these wails, few have shaken off this 'Old Man of tho Sea.' It is true that a system 25 centuries in growth cannot be blotted out in a decade. It is also true that education, water-works, railroads and a legion of other influences which Britain has brought to bear on caste, by levelling and moulding public opinion, have for thirty years been uprooting a firm foundation. The main points in hand are these: We have seen that the leaders of a people, by substituting a mere form for true principle, have degenerated physically and morally; and that a nation not only has fallen short of civil zation, but has lost its unity and purity.

W. B. RICHMOND, '98.

A BALKY FIRE.

Is there anything in the world more provoking than building a fire which is determined, with all its will and won't, not to burn? When, on a chill January morning, you awake suddenly to the realization of the fact that Jack Frost has entirely hidden your windows from view by his work; that, in accordance with the laws laid down in physics, the Hg. in the thermometer has almost hidden itself in the bulb, and that—oh dread thought! oh that shiver which creeps slowly through the entire length of your spinal column! oh horror of horrors! when you awake to the realization that a fire must be built, what feelings assail your startled intelligence! Now, to the uninitiated, the the term, "building a fire", may seem very inexpressive and very harmless. But let him try it. Let him experience the process in all its stages, and never more will he scoff at it as simple.

When you have gained sufficient consciousness and courage, you creep carefully from your comfortable couch, and make your way in the dim light toward the stove. Gingerly yet determinedly you seize the poker, open quietly the door, which utters an audible protest against this unwelcome disturbance, while the ashes roll slowly out upon the zinc and the rug, sending up as messengers to you clouds of dust to add to your discomfort. Then, as you poke away the ashes from the hearth, the stove adds to your hand a large sooty witness of its animosity towards you.

When at last the kindles are well laid, with no other mishap than soot and ashes taken externally in larger and larger doses, and when over all are laid the sticks which you took such pains the night before to carefully dry; when all this is done, and you have applied so thankfully the match, with what grateful and comfortable a feeling do you crawl once more under the bedclothes which you left so regretfully only a few moments before.

But just as you are settling yourself for another snooze—while the room is warming, you awake again with a start to find that that fire is not burning, but is slowly yet surely distinguishing itself by extinguishing itself. With a sigh closely akin to a groan you again leave your warm nest to see to the fire. You add kindlers, you transform yourself into bellows, you puff

and you coax, and, feeling encouraged by a few faint crackles, you once more seek the bed.

But the crackles become fainter and fainter, and maddened almost to desperation, you leap from the bed and precipitate yourself beside the stove, resolved to conquer or to freeze. You remove carefully the charred embers, you relay the kindlings, you replace the sticks, you reapply a match, and in dogged silence you sit there on the cold floor with a look of desermination upon your face, and you have conquered the fire! It burns. M. O. POLLARD.

ROMANCES IN REAL LIFE.

There seems to be a popular doubt in regard to bona-fide romances in real life, and most people think that such strange, unexpected, remarkable happenings are the invention solely of such minds as Hawthorne's. But for one whose eyes are open to such things, romances lie round us as thick as commonplace things. Indeed, almost every life has concealed in some nook or corner a romance, or at least a shadow of one if only it was realized.

One of the most remarkable ones which has lately come to my notice, is this one, handed down among the traditions of the Green family in America, which is supposed to be the true history of the beginnings of that family in America.

Years and years ago, when this continent was new and only partially settled, there lived at Liverpool, Eng., a linen manufacturer, who by industry and perseverance had laid by quite a sum of money. Back in Ireland, from which he had come, he had left a little brother, who, as a baby, had been his pet, and who still after the years of separation held a very warm place in his heart. Now in that Irish home reigned another wife, who, like the traditional step-mother, cruelly treated her little step-son.

Out of love and pity for his little brother, the elder brother sold out his store, and with his money and sufficient goods to start a store in the "new country," he embarked for Ireland. By strategem and by wiles he one night obtained possession of his brother and secretly embarked for America.

For a time the journey prospered, till the elder brother was taken violently ill with ship fever; and, having bade an affectionate farewell to his little brother, whom he committed to the care of the captain, he closed his eyes for the long sleep, and his body was dropped into the deep, there to remain until the day when the sea shall give up the dead which are in it.

Unfaithfully did the captain fulfil his trust. As soon as the brother was dead, he appropriated all his wealth and money, and at the end of the voyage set down in Boston the nine-year-old boy, friendless, penniless, and in a strange land.

Nothing daunted, nothing discouraged, he applied himself to work, till by constant application at the age of 21 he had accumulated quite a sum of money. Soon after this he married, and settled with his wife in Westminster, Mass. Here he lived till new misfortunes overtook him. This time, a band of Indians on a raid took him captive, carried him through Vermont to Canada, where he remained till he was released several years afterward.

Returning to Massachusetts, he took his wife and removed to Rutland, Vt., which place had so pleased him when he was taken through it by the Indians that he had resolved, if ever released, to make it his home; consequently he removed there, and even to this day there resides in that city a lineal descendant of the younger brother, who retains the same surname.

REVERIE.

A drear, stormy winter's night. The wind wails mournfully, coming in billowy gusts, sighing and screaching through the spacious rooms and halls of that large, old-fashioned house, as if wafting some earthly spirit to the world beyond. It is past midnight, but the light from the kitchen glints out into the gloomy dampness and a shaded lamp glimmers faintly in the front room, where centers the anxious thoughts of waiting kin. A solemn stillness pervades all. The whispered word, the low-drawn sigh tell the whole story. The watchers move with cautious step, and watch attentively the labored breathing. They pass noiselessly back and forth from the kitchen, but give no look of encouaagement to the sorrowing family.

A change has come. The doctor steps in the room. Neighbors come carefully in and the family gathers at the bedside. The son and daughter, who have been watching through the long hours, lean closer to the wasting form; they look that the thin hand may rest easily in theirs. The gasping breath tells the story to those waiting hearts. Worlds would be given for a few moments of time. But time waits not. The parting kiss is given, the last farewell is said. The spirit has taken flight. Mother is dead.

Morning dawns cold and gray. The steps of the watchman fall sombrously on the front walk. A hushed stir is within. Friends gather, prayer is offered to the source of true comfort for the bleeding hearts; the hearse rumbles up and the saddened procession moves slowly to the station. The heavily draped train moves carefully away, as if conscious of its precious charge, nor assumes its natural activity till its unconscious mortality is safely entrusted to the town of its nativity, the place of childhood and former happiness.

Alumni Department.

[*At a meeting of the Associated Alumni, Commencement, '91, it was unanimously resolved: "That we heartily endorse* THE UNDERGRADUATE *and warmly recommend it to the Alumni as a valuable means for furthering our common interests in the college and our interests in each other." We respectfully solicit your subscriptions and contributions. Class-histories, reminiscences, obituaries, biographies, literary articles, and papers upon current topics are always in order and desired.*]

CLASSMATE TO CLASSMATE.

1864—1894.

MY DEAR OLD BOY:—

I have been meditating writing you for some time. You can hardly imagine how glad I was to find you so well and looking so "natural" as it was my fortune to find you last summer at College Commencement. When I found you unchanged from what you were in life's *green* springtime—I have not underscored the *green*—it was very refreshing, to say the least. It brought back the past in full measure and I hardly see how I was able to control myself. Indeed, while sitting on your porch in plain view of the mountains with the associations of other days, it was all I could do to restrain my tears. The whole of the past thirty years with all its associations crowded upon me and I felt like stepping aside and having a good hearty cry. Nevertheless I was able to control my feelings and enjoy the brief time of our reunion. I have frequently recurred to these glad moments, but never without bringing back therewith a flood of memories.

Well, how are you, anyway, and how are you all? I hope that you are enjoying the best of health. My family are all well and with me except my daughter, who is in Chicago.

My eldest son is with me, "a full-fledged lawyer", as they say. At this moment he is in the next room preparing an argument for the Supreme court. My second son (eighteen) is a Senior, captain of his foot-ball team and editor-in chief of the college paper. Our third son (fourteen) is in his second year in the high school. All three are taller than I am. The youngest (twelve) attends the graded school. They are all hearty and well, studious and of good habits, for which I am devoutly thankful All, all of this can be traced to their dear mother's influence before she was called hence.

But you see I am saying little of myself. I am trying to do my duty providing for those dependent on me—waiting resignedly for whatever may come in the future years.

Now, old man, "Sister" dear, I would be glad to hear a word from you, that I may continue to "keep in touch" with the Past. Remember me kindly to your wife and family, and believe me

Your friend and classmate,

"FRIAR."

Personals.

'47. John W. Hunt, who has spent his whole life in teaching, and who has shown a singular faculty for helping students with whom most other teachers fail, is still a resident of Washington. He was known in college as "Commissary" Hunt, having presided over several "clubs" during his college period.

'48. President Rankin has been five years at the head of Howard University. The students have advanced from 360 to 620; professors have been added in all departments; a musical department has been established, making the eighth department. More than $50,000 has been expended on new structures, namely: William M. Evarts Law Hall, Hood Medical Amphitheatre and Andrew Evarts Rankin Memorial Chapel; the last in memory of President Rankin's only brother of the class of 1854. Toward this $5000 were given by Mrs. H. O. Cushman, daughter of the late Luke P. Poland of St. Johnsbury. President Rankin says in a recent letter: "Mr. Barrett's anecdote abuut Prof. Adams reminds me of one that occurred in our class. We were reading from 'The Geology of Vermont', a little treatise prepared by the Professor himself. A student somewhat given to extempore recitation had just completed one of his flights, when the Professor, looking up from the text-book, said: 'I do not see anything like that here; and I should be very

sorry if I did.'" The December number of *Our Day* has "Ultimate Africa," an ode delivered by President Rankin before the Parliament of Nations in Chicago, 1893.

'56. The *Philadelphia Press* of recent date devotes a page to an account of the twenty-fifth anniversary of consecration to the episcopate of the Rt. Rev. Ozi W. Whitaker, D. D., Bishop of Pennsylvania. We clip the following: Bishop Rulison was the next speaker, and as the Assistant Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, his personal acquaintance with Bishop Whitaker has been of the closest character. "Yet," he said, "although propinquity affords facilities of close observation, we have both been so busy that precious little time was left for social intercourse. Bishop Whitaker has been all kinds of a Bishop, a missionary, Diocesan, and now he is in reality a Metropolitan Bishop. He is what Cardinal Newman might call a case of Episcopal development. I am old enough to know that no man could have so long and brilliant a career in these various offices, unless he was a man of great spiritual power, unless he had a great capacity for large and noble work, a clear vision, the strength to resist temptations to intellectual conceit and popularity, and to be forever in himself larger and better than he seems to the rest of the world. This is the New Testament idea of a Bishop, this simplicity and sweetness of character along with the ability to rule and lead. We need to remind ourselves that our position in the kingdom of God depends upon faithful work alone. Your Bishop is faithful to the last degree, and he has been given the highest honors within the powers of the Church in this country." The presentation address by Dr. Watson was the most absorbing feature of the occasion. The venerable speaker turned and faced Bishop Whitaker, and in the course of his remarks said: "The seven years of your administration have been blessed by God, and there are indications everywhere of prosperity and strength. You have laid hands on 19,000 candidates for confirmation, and have administered the rite of ordination to 92 novitiates, 39 of whom entered the priesthood. You have delivered more than 1700 sermons and addresses, and have officiated at the consecration of twenty-five new buildings. All of the institutions of education and charity have gained in strength and size, and we congratulate you and the diocese on the prosperous state of affairs. Hearty thanks and highest praise are given you, and we pray that your strength continue for many years. Your people love you and esteem you very highly, and it is with great pleasure that I present you the enclosed certificate of deposit for $5000, in the name of the diocese, as a token of their feeling for you."

'57. Hon. L. D. Eldredge has recently returned from a trip to New York, where he went on business connected with the college.

'67. Judge James M. Slade accompanied Treasurer Eldredge on his trip to New York.

'71. Prof. W. E. Howard has been appointed State Normal school examiner.

'76. J. W. Abernethey, Ph. D., is spending the winter in the Southern States.

'77. Attorney James McDonald Mulchahey died at his home in Brooklyn on Sunday, Dec. 23, aged 38 years. He was the son of William Mulchahey of Middlebury and settled in New York soon after completing his law studies. He married a Miss Sargent of Chicago, who, with a young son, survives him.

'77. N. H. Munsill of Malone, N. Y., was in Bristol the first of the month, called by his business connections in that town.

'81. President Chas. S. Murkland recently delivered an address before the meeting of the Massachusetts State Agricultural Board on "Industrial Education." The press speak of it as the best address of the session. Among other seasonable remarks, he says: "On the whole, the journeyman carpenter, who has served his apprenticeship, will be a better carpenter, for general work, than the school graduate. It is not by giving the same instruction in a shorter time, nor yet in giving better instruction covering the same ground, that a technical school must show its superiority to the school of apprenticeship; but it is in adding to the mere technical training such other instruction as shall better equip the learner for his place among men. Industrial education must be more than learning and teaching trades; more, even, than adding to the development of technical skill a certain ability to apply general principles to the details of a handicraft. It must fit the learner for life, for the life a man must lead among men. And until we have found how the technical institution may best fit its students for the large relations which they must sustain, always having in view the special vocation and also the general human obligations, we shall not have solved the problem of industrial education."

'83. Jesse Stearns of New York city visited friends in Middlebury and Bristol during vacation.

'89. Principal P. C. Hoyt spent the holiday vacation making a Western trip, including a visit to friends in Kansas.

'90. W. H. Button has recently returned from a three-weeks' trip to Boston.

'93. George Hasseltine has accepted a position with a New York publishing house.

'93. B. C. Miner visited Brown, '93, during the vacation, at his home in Newark, N. J.

'93. Dec. 22, F. B. Seeley had an operation performed for appendicitis. He is now doing as well as can be expected after a severe operation.

'94. C. B. Toleman of the Union Theological Seminary, New York city, has been chosen chorister of the Sunday School of the Madison.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

Through the famous Keene valley, New York, in a northwesterly direction, flows the Ausable river, which intersects the villages of Jay and Ausable Forks. An important tributary, so-called, generally known as the West Branch, which may be regarded as large in comparison with its companion stream more pretentiously named, takes its rise in Lake Placid, North Elba, flows down through Wilmington Notch, and joins the Ausable river near the centre of the village of Ausable Forks.

Across the stream which we may properly designate as the East Branch, at some distance from the bank, rises a hill to an elevation of several hundred feet above the adjacent surface ef the valley. It is my purpose to outline the history of a metamorphosis in the life and business of the village by a presentation, at the outset, of three views from the plateau like summit of this hill, and then to proceed to a discussion of the new condition of affairs.

Suppose, then, the first observation from the magnified knoll to have been made twenty years ago on a bright November afternoon immediately succeeding an early snow-storm. The chains of heavily-wooded mountains ranged along the horizon in the shape of a somewhat irregular ellipse, glistening with millions of diamond-like particles, would have given one the impression of likeness to a certain bit of Alpine scenery represented at the World's Fair.

But the attention of the observer would not long have been occupied by the scenery to the exclusion of the evidence of the activity and prosperity of man; namely, the smoking kilns on the side of the mountains to the north and to the southwest, the numerous large charcoal vans discernible on the East Branch road, coming and returning from the forge in the village, the teams laden with unsurpassed iron-ore, coming from Palmer Hill, visible in the northeast, the noise of the separator, the din of the saw-mill, the incessant booming of the huge forge-hammer, and the generally thrifty appearance of the stirring, beautiful little village.

Perhaps some explanation will be in order here. In 1832 John Rogers and James Rogers formed a partnership for carrying on the iron industry in Ausable Valley. They secured full control in 1864 by buying out the Purmort Iron company, which once owned the plant in Jay, and for several decades remained the promoters of a general prosperity. In 1870 the J. & J. Rogers Iron Co. was organized, other stockholders being admitted. In 1887 the company ran four fires in the forge at Ausable Forks and six in the one at Jay. "Their principal productions were charcoal blooms bars for conversion into cast steel, horse-shoe iron, round square iron and sable cut nails."

The iron industry, however, in Ausable Valley was doomed. Although charcoal heated iron is undoubtedly the best in the world for certain purposes, yet a new and cheaper process was discovered, and the fickle American business public adapted to its uses the more shoddy material and discarded the more expensive article.

The imagination may be somewhat aided to a comprehension of the effects upon business in the village and surrounding country by a view in 1892, which we will, in imagination, take from the little plateau on a dreary bleak March day emblematic of the changed condition of the valley below.

The smokeless kilns, Palmer Hill with scarcely a sign of life near it, the absence of coal-teams, ore-teams and iron-carrying teams from the hitherto busy thoroughfare, the fair village fading and decaying on its edges, the edifice of a once prosperous church with its closed shutters, faded paint, ill conditioned roof, cattle wandering over its poorly-kept grounds, with the fence dilapidated, dwelling places here and there with boarded windows, the silence of the separator and the forge, and the comparatively empty streets proclaim the death of iron-making and a re-

sultant depression in dependent branches of business, with only a few deserted-looking buildings and a huge pile of charcoal across the road from the forge to mark the places where occurred the last struggle of the parent industry.

Let us choose half-past five o'clock, year 1894, for the time of our last view on one of those balmy yet bracing June mornings when the Old year seems to have actually given way to the New, when the very air and sunlight seem new and purer, when all nature, thoroughly cleansed, her cast-off garment long since laid aside, seems, to the fancy of the observer, to have bloomed forth in a brighter and more varied verdure.

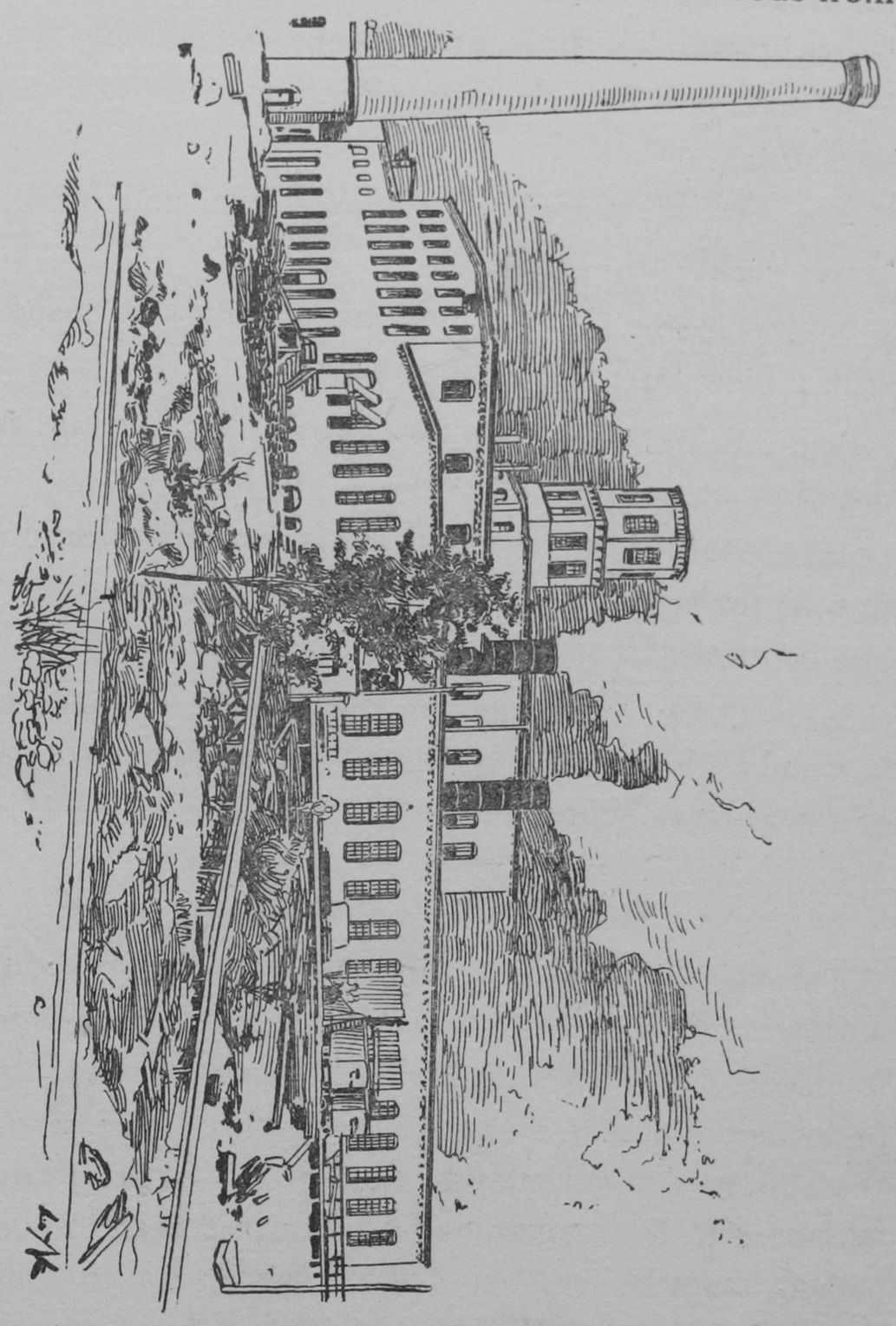
Having started from the large, well appointed, freshly-painted hotel across the West Branch, we arrive, after a twenty minute walk, at the top of the hill just in time to see the last delicate rose-tints of a perfect specimen of those rarely unmarred Adirondack sunrises.

First, we take a broad view of the scene before us. The view of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain beyond the open valley as far as the eye can see, the circle of mountains kinged by Mount Whiteface, the winding river stretching into a silvery thread far up among the hills, the varied hues in the coloring of the landscape, all combine in an effect worthy of reproduction by a Landseer.

Soon we take a more critical view of the village below and no longer find its loneliness and decay a blot on the landscape. The streets dotted with early risers, the numerous buildings either in process of erection or repair, including a church, a saloon and tenement houses, the nearly-finished road-bed of the railroad extension stretching from the village to Rogers Station, two miles down the valley, are substantial proofs that Ausable Forks has a new lease of life. Old Glory, too, waving over the academy, contributes a holiday air to the general appearance of returned prosperity.

Suddenly we hear a whistle. We look for the source, and our search is rewarded, for about a mile from the village, on the West Branch, we see dimly through the trees a tall, well-proportioned smoke-stack and the imposing outlines of a large brick chemical pulp-mill, which is evidently responsible for the new tide in affairs.

Thither will we now turn our steps. As the slope is indeed steep, we descend rapidly almost of necessity, and before long find ourselves near the right side of the pulp-mill, which is but a few rods from



the West Branch. Pursuing our course along the road to the right, running parallel with the mill, we climb a a little incline, and, after a walk of about six hundred feet from the main building, come to the stone dam, which is a massive-looking piece of masonry fifty feet high.

Unaided by nature, it would have been well-nigh impossible to have ensured a constant water supply of the required power, but a deep gorge, extending from the dam some distance up stream, easily contains between its walls the necessary forty-foot head of water, and holds a mighty force in reserve.

A steel conductor seven and one-half feet in diameter, built by North & Co. of Rutland, carries the water to two power houses situated between the mill and the edge of the river, in which are placed three steel wheels, having a combined force of five hundred horse power, which operates the machinery of the mill.

Along the top of the conductor a flume is constructed, through which the wood is floated directly

to the mill. The mill uses about fifty cords of wood per day, which, during the greater part of the year, is fed from the flume. "For winter use, however, it is necessary to have a supply on hand, and, for this purpose, a high trestle has been erected back of the mill, fitted with an endless chain and sprockets which carry the winter supply, and deposit it under the trestle, where about six thousand cords are piled up. Thus it appears that the wood is not handled from the time it is cut and dumped into the river till it gets to the mill."

The process itself, of the manufacture of sulphite pulp, is a most interesting one to witness. First, the logs, being hauled to the wood room, are cut up by a large saw, then carried by an ingenious contrivance to the barkers. After leaving these, the smaller pieces of wood go to the knot-borers and knot saws, while the larger chunks must first be operated upon by the splitting machine. The wood thus prepared, after being chewed up into chips by a large and powerful chopper, is blown into a shaking sieve, which grades the chips and removes all dust and dirt. The chips are then blown to the top of the building into a forty cord hopper, from which the digestors are filled. Thus endeth the first process.

In a room about 100 x 50 x 50 feet are placed, in an upright position, four digesters, each of which has a capacity of six and one-half cords. They are thirty feet high and ten feet in diameter, are made of nickel steel, and are lined with acid-resisting, interlocked blocks of prepared stone.

After the digesters have been filled from the chip-hopper, the acid pours in from a huge tank and the chips are then cooked by steam for twelve hours. After cooking the required length of time, the contents of the digesters are blown into by steam pressure to the pits, where the acid is washed out, and then run through three sets of screens to large wet machines, of which there are three. These machines are located in the main room, which is the front one, and have a daily capacity of ten tons of dry pulp. As a matter of fact, however, the daily output is about twenty tons of sulphite pulp, which, taking the place of imported pulp in the manufacture of the best grades of paper, brings the highest prices.

Ten large vans ply constantly between the mill and the railroad, and, being well lined and perfectly tight, carry the pulp without harm from dirt or dust. The large water tower at the top of the building is connected with a series of sprinklers so arranged that in case of fire the various rooms could almost instantly be drenched.

To the foresight and unceasing efforts of one man, Mr. James Rogers, the secretary of the company, who is the grandson of one of the founders of the company, is due in a large measure the foundation of a new industry at Ausable Forks. Through his perception of the fact that the water power, so long employed in turning the great water wheel in the old forge, could be utilized in carrying the pulp wood and in operating the machinery of the mill; of the ability of the forests, which once furnished the raw material for manufacture into charcoal, to supply the best material for a more valuable product, and through his untiring perseverance, which finally resulted in the reorganization of the Rogers company with a capital of $300,000, general prosperity has returned to Ausable Forks and to the surrounding country.

Thus, out of the ruin of the bloom iron business has grown an industry already equally as great, which, after the practical development of the embryo plan for the addition of a paper-mill, will bring, it is hoped, to the individual workmen and to the stockholders who have, with philanthropic result, cast into the avenues of trade a large sum of money, a far greater financial return for services rendered, and will place within the reach of the laboring class a higher and freer enjoyment of life.

W. B. RICHMOND.

[NOTE.—The writer wishes to express his indebtedness to the editor of that enterprising local paper, the Essex County (N. Y.) *Republican* for the kind loan of the plate from which our cut of the pulp-mill was made, and for permission to refer, for forgotten facts and new details, to an article printed in the *Republican* last November.]

Town and Campus.

Prentiss, '98, spent the holiday vacation in Boston.

Prof. M. R. Sanford passed his vacation in New York.

Miss Jessie Chapman has been visiting in Washington, D. C.

Wales, '96, is superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school.

Lamson, '96, is preaching each Sunday at Addison and Panton.

Miss Swiney, '96, on account of illness did not return to college until January 12.

Mr. Mountain of the U. V. M. Medical school has been stopping with Leonard, '95.

Miss Ware spent part of the Christmas vacation with Miss Allen, '98, in Brattleboro.

Blossom, '96, was called to Granville, N. Y., last week by the death of his grandfather.

Prof. and Mrs. McGilton visited friends in Fort Edward and Troy, N. Y., during part of the vacation.

Mrs. Jordan, who had been for some weeks a guest at Prof. Henckels', left recently for her home in San Francisco.

Miss Ware gave a tea January 12 in honor of her friend, Miss Tyler of Shelburne, Mass., who has been visiting her.

Roscoe, Jordan, Miss Roseman and Miss Barton went to Panton Friday evening to entertain a donation party.

Lobban, '98, spent part of the vacation with Lamson, '96, at his home in Brattleboro, and Wales, '96, with Barlow, '95.

Mr. Bridgham is exceedingly despondent at this writing, said to be the outcome of a "romance in real life" resulting from book canvassing.

Miss Gerould, '97, spent part of the holidays with her brother at Harverd. He has now finished his post graduate course there and entered upon his duties as professor of zoology at Dartmouth.

There were creases in his pantlets,
There was English in his speech,
But there weren't fifty centlets
Anywhere that he could reach.—*Ex.*

—Oh the Freshman—
Never cares to wander from his own fireside,
He never cares to ramble or to roam;
For Prof. Boyce keeps him tied
To dear old Wentworth's side
And makes him sob for home, sweet home.

In the absence of the editor the proof of the first forms was supposed to have been read by the proof-reader at the publishing office. However this may have been, several errors seemed to have occurred in the printing. In the editorials, "thirsty" of course should have been thirty, "end" should have been and, other errors accordingly.

The fourth in the series of college lectures was given at the chapel Saturday evening, January 12, by Prof. Brainerd Kellogg of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose topic was "The ministry of literature to our feelings." As all our readers are familiar with his name, it is hardly necessary to say that his lecture delighted and instructed the audience. The next lecture will be given by President Brainerd.

A notable social event was the marriage at St. Stephen's church at 8 o'clock Thursday evening, Dec. 27, of Mr. Arthur L. Janes, a master at the Lawrenceville school, Lawrenceville, N. J., and Miss Mary Linsley Tilden, eldest daughter of Mrs. M. L. Tilden. The church was very handsomely trimmed, and in spite of the storm a large number of friends were present, including many from Burlington and elsewhere. Rev. S. B. Blunt, the rector, performed the ceremony; Mrs. G. D. Miner presided at the organ; Miss Emelyn Tilden, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor; Misses Sarah Breck of Claremont, N. H., Marie Linsley of Burlington, Anna L. Janes of St. Albans, the groom's sister, and Jessica Stewart, Agnes Wainwright and Mary Allen of Middlebury were the bridesmaids; Mr. Bickford of New York city was the best man, and Messrs. Baldwin of Norwich, Conn., Kimball of Pottstown, Pa., Joel and Lyman Allen of Burlington, E. R. Sturtevant of Ware, Mass., and John A. Fletcher of Middlebury were the ushers. Following the marriage was a very enjoyable reception at the Linsley home. Both the bride and the groom have many warm friends here and elsewhere who will join in wishing them the greatest measure of prosperity and of happiness.—*Register.*

A strange and somewhat startling phenomenon has very recently appeared on the face of one of our Juniors beneath his large smelling apparatus. Although physicians and philosophers have carefully, but clandestinely examined it (because of the peculiar sensitiveness of the patient), yet it still proves an enigma to the most sagacious. Some veritably maintain that it is the foreshadowing of some future growth; whether belonging to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom is alike a subject of varied opinion and interesting discussion. A few of the most diligent inspectors solemnly affirm that minute hairy sprouts may be seen in fair weather. But this is contradicted strenuously by equally good authority. To the naked eye it has the appearance of a slightly yellow mist. The afflicted persists in gently pawing at it. He seems to be in all other respects perfectly "sound and in his right mind." At present considerable anxiety is expressed by many as to the ultimate form into which it

may develop. The problem is one which only time can solve. One thing is certain. Whatever inconvenience and pain it may afford the unfortunate sufferer, it has most forcibly illustrated to mortal man the great truth, "There are hidden mysteries which ye know not of."

College Notes.

There are 26 colleges in Illinois.

The five newspapers at Harvard demand the attention of sixty students.

The faculty of Colorado College are to give credit for the work done on college papers.

The senior class of Harvard has discarded the dress suit and tile for the cap and gown.

The University of Virginia had a week's holiday Christmas, the first given in twenty years.

St. Anselins, a college at Manchester, N. H., which was opened last fall, has nearly 200 students.

A new Greek letter fraternity has been formed at Boston University. It is called Pi Sigma Rho.

There is a Greek newspaper published by the Modern Greek class at Cornell for reading exercises.

The oratorical abilities of the most polished speaker in the Senior class at Princeton are worth about $6,000 to him.

It is not so much what we learn as what we retain, it is not so much what we retain as what we use.—*Ottawa Campus.*

Why do I educate myself? for three reasons: First, for present enjoyment; second, that I may be more useful to my fellowmen; third, that I may know as much as possible to the end of this life so as to have a good start for eternity.—*Thielensian.*

Wesleyan's new gymnasium was formally opened early in the term; the principal address was made by President Andrews, of Brown University, on the subject, "The Educational Value of the Gymnasium." His reference to the game of foot-ball is interesting. "Foot-ball as played by college men, just on account of its elements of danger, does more to bring out and develop manhood, quick and cool judgment, than any other game I know. We do not send our sons to college and expect them to play tag and coperhagen.—*Ex.*

THOUGHTS.

If there is one thing concerning which the young ladies of this land as a whole are lamentably ignorant, it is the current topics which are discussed in the newspapers. Two instances taken from this college: A young lady spoke of Tammany Hall as "him," and another did not know there was a war going on in the East. This lack of knowledge cannot be due to a lack of papers, for the reading room is full of them. It cannot be due to a lack of intellect, for the young ladies demonstrate daily in the class-room the presence of that. It must, therefore, be accounted for by a lack of interest, which lack can most easily be done away with by a little systematic work in catching up with the passing events. As soon as one understands the general principles and facts of these events there is no lack of interest. That truth is stranger than fiction is illustrated in the history of every people, and the newspapers of today give what will be the history of tomorrow.

There is an obligation always laid upon a person that he do his *best.* Only as he lives up to the highest and noblest in him, only as he reaches out with all his strength and his will toward the highest and the noblest of which he is capable, does any one fulfil that obligation which rests upon him. There is no end to the struggle. Each day, as he reaches a new height, there stretch out into view new fields for conquest, new heights to be gained. Each day, as he lays himself down to rest, he can look back with pleasure upon the struggles of the day, and look forward with anticipation to the battles of the morrow, knowing that the reward for the doing well of today's duties has been the gift of strength for the tomorrow's tasks. Each day raises his life one stage higher toward the summit of perfection. Each day's best must be a better best than that of the previous day. Each night must see one more milestone passed on the great march of human life; till, when he is called to the rest that remaineth, he may die with the consciousness that he hath done his *best.*

Thoughts for the Occasion.

PATRIOTIC AND SECULAR.

Helpful in Suggesting Themes, and in Outlining and Arranging Addresses for the Observance of Timely Occasions.

F. A. NOBLE, D. D., writes:—"Here is a volume well nigh unlimited in its resources from which to draw thoughts and inspiration for exercises on occasions of common and patriotic interest."

12mo, 576 Pages, Cloth Binding, $1.75.

E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 5 Cooper Union, New York.